

Vol. IV.

MAY.

No. 5.



THE YOUTH'S CASKET

An Illustrated Magazine for the Young

EDITED BY

Mrs. H. E. G. Arey.

30 Cents a Year

BUFFALO:
Published by E. F. Beadle,

No. 199 Main Street

1855.



Single Numbers 6 Cents.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852 by BEADLE & VANDERZEE, in the District Court of New York.

To all Friends of -the Young.

We take the liberty of sending you this copy of the "YOUTH'S CASKET" as a specimen. Although you may not be a subscriber, we hope you may be pleased to examine the work, and, if you deem it worthy, circulate it among the little folks of your acquaintance. Should you have no children of your own to gratify, please think of some cousin, niece, nephew, grandchild, or little friend, whose heart you can gladden with the monthly visits of the CASKET. We feel confident that you can not make a better investment for their instruction and improvement, or send them a more welcome present. It will cost you *only fifty cents* to insure the CASKET being regularly mailed during the year 1855 to any part of the United States and Canada.

For *club terms* and a list of *premiums*, see fourth page of cover. All communications must be addressed, *prepaid*, to E. F. BEADLE, Buffalo, N. Y.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

We have received the following recommendations from V. M. RICE, New York State Superintendent of Public Schools, and SALEM TOWN, LL. D., author of Towns series of school books.

I have been a reader of the YOUTH'S CASKET since its first number was published, in the winter of 1852, and take pleasure in commending it as an excellent publication for the young. In bound volumes it will be well adapted to the wants of school libraries.

V. M. RICE,
SUPT. PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

So far as I have been able to examine the "CASKET," I fully coincide with the opinions expressed by Mr. RICE in the foregoing notice. I think it is a work well calculated to awaken interest in juvenile readers, and while it amuses will also impart useful knowledge on a great variety of interesting topics.

SALEM TOWN.

What the Newspapers say about the Casket,

The CASKET should be in every family. It is always filled with reading attractive to children—pure in its morality, and useful in its teachings.—*Courier*.

It makes a very valuable and appropriate publication for young readers. The price brings it within the reach of the poorest families.—*Morning Express*.

Parents can not make their little ones a better gift at the cost, than to subscribe for the CASKET.—*Moore's Rural New Yorker*, (Rochester.)

It contains such a rich and choice selection of appropriate reading matter for children, that we consider a subscription for the YOUTH'S CASKET, the most beautiful New Year's present parents can give to their children.—*Buffalo Daily Democrat*, (German.)

A neatly executed journal, adapted to the wants of children, and greatly calculated to instruct and please the youthful mind. It is prettily illustrated with wood engravings.—*Cattaraugus Chronicle*.

One of the most desirable things in the world is proper reading for children; and one of the best publications extant, devoted to their wants and capacities, is the YOUTH'S CASKET.—*Freeman's Journal*, (Coopers-town.)

It is the cheapest periodical of its kind in the country, and as good as it is cheap.—*Evening Post*.

It is an excellent work for children and family reading. It deserves an extensive circulation.—*Wyoming County Mirror*.

It should be taken in every family which has youthful readers. It is instructive and interesting, and its moral tone unexceptionable. It could be introduced into our schools as a reading-book with profit, as it promotes a taste for moral and instructive reading.—*Frederick Censor*.

The articles are pure in morals, chaste in style; and although the work is expressly designed for children, yet it may be read with interest and profit by those of riper years. It is the cheapest magazine, according to its real value, within our knowledge.—*Laborer*, (Gouverneur.)

It is a beautiful thing for children and youth, and the matter as good, as its cuts are fine and appropriate. We wish that every family in the state, blessed with children, were blessed with this also.—*Vermont Watchman and State Journal*.

Every family, whether great or small, should have it. It is embellished with numerous beautiful engravings, and filled with excellent stories, sketches, &c., of the most interesting kind. Any boy and girl could make no better investment than to save fifty cents and send for it. It will amuse them much, if they only read it.—*Beaver Dam Republican*.

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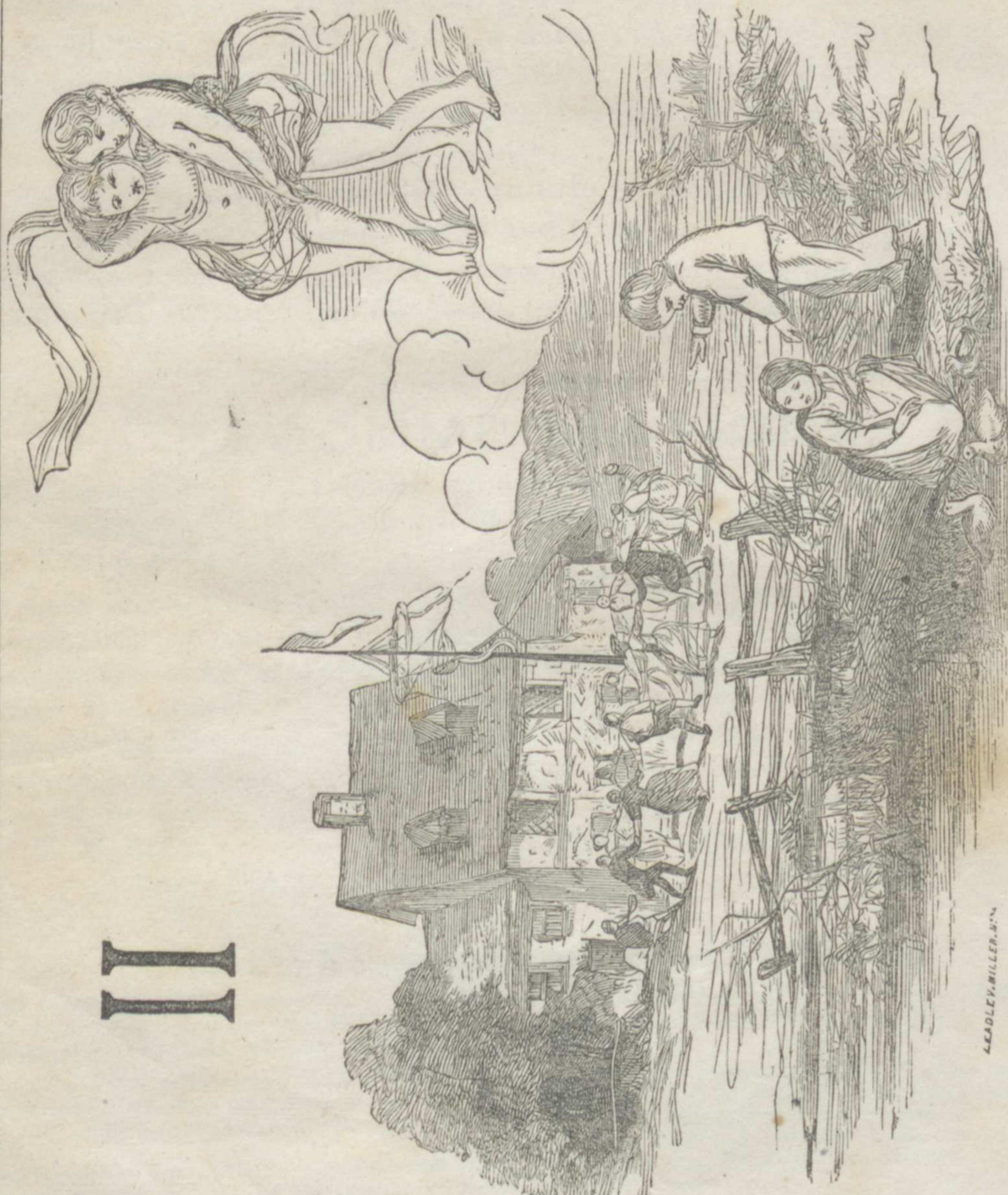
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II



MAY.—SUN ENTERS GEMINI II THE TWINS.

LEADLEY MILLER &c

MAY.

FIFTH MONTH—HATH THIRTY-ONE DAYS.

THE Twins, Castor, and Pollux, are represented in the heavens by that cluster of stars which accompanies the sun during the month of May. The two small pillars in the picture form the symbol by which this constellation is known. The stars which form Gemini, are not remarkable in themselves, but they are in a most interesting *neighborhood* in the heavens. A little west of them, in the constellation Taurus, which we passed last month, is that well-known group of stars the Pleiades; while just south of the zodiac, the figure of Orion is distinct and well defined. The large stars, Aldebaran, Betelgeuse, and Procyon, also lend their brilliancy to this interesting portion of the heavens.

On the first day of this month the Romans held a feast in honor of Maia, the mother of Mercury, and from her the month was named. You will see in the picture a representation of a merry party dancing around the May-pole which they have erected, and adorned with streaming ribbons and flowers. This has long been a favorite method of keeping this day. The ceremony of choosing a queen, and crowning her with flowers, also makes a pleas-

ant festival for the first of May, and is much more common in our country than the dance upon the green. But for either of these fetes to be enjoyed in perfection, we are apt to find the weather in our northern latitude too cold upon the first of May; so that, in many places, the May parties are put off until the last of the month. The truth is that the customs and the poetry of the seasons which we strive to adopt, have been imported from a different climate, and we find it difficult sometimes, to make them match; so that although we call May the month of flowers, it is often the case, when we persist in having its appropriate festival on the first of the month, that the flowers with which the queen is crowned must needs be brought from the green-house.

The tender leaves and sunny flowers of the cowslip come forward during this month, and the meadows are covered with the yellow crowfoot. "These flowers are also called buttercups, and are supposed by some to give the butter its rich yellow tinge at this season; but very erroneously, as the cows will not touch them on account of their biting quality."

CHRONOLOGICAL RECORD FOR
MAY.

May 4, 1788. The island of Formosa shook off the Chinese yoke, and massacred all the Chinese who did not escape into the woods.

May 7, 1779. Charleston taken by the British.

May 10, 1779. The posts of Stoney Point and Verplanck taken by the British.

May 12, 1785. The grand-vizier of Turkey deposed and strangled.

May 16, 1779. Portsmouth in Virginia taken and burned.

May 17, 1774. The assembly of Massachusetts dissolved by Gen. Gage.

May 19, 1765. The Empress of Russia founded an orphan house in Moscow.

May 28, 1798. St. Domingo evacuated by the English, after suffering a frightful mortality. . . . Public schools and printing presses suppressed by the Emperor Paul.

WASHINGTON AND SAM.

WHEN Stuart was painting General Washington's portrait, he was rallied one day by the General for his slow work. The painter protested that the picture could not advance until the canvas was dry, and that there must be some delay. Upon arriving the next morning, Stuart turned his canvas, and discovered, to his great horror, that the picture was spoiled. "General!" said he, "somebody has held the picture to the fire." Washington summoned his negro valet, Sam, and demanded of him, in great in-

dignation, who had dared to touch the portrait. The trembling Sam replied, that, chancing to overhear Washington's expression of impatience at the slowness of the work, and the response of the artist that it must be dry before it could go on, he had ventured to put the canvas before the fire. Washington, with great anger, dismissed him, and told him not to show his face again. But the next day, after Stuart had arrived, and was preparing to work, Washington rang the bell, and sent for Sam. He came in, abashed and trembling. The president drew a new silver watch from his pocket, and said, "Come here, Sam. Take this watch, and whenever you look at it, remember that your master, in a moment of passion, said to you what he now regrets, and that he was not ashamed to confess that he had done so."—*Selected.*

JEWELRY.

WE overheard the following fragment of conversation, the other day, on board of the Alida:

"I met Lord Ellesmere and his party at Niagara the other day. I knew the ladies were persons of distinction the moment I saw them, because they wore no jewelry, nor any other ornament whatever!"—*Home Journal.*

THE ERRAND BOY.

BY WM. E. C. KNOWLES.

CHAPTER III.



T was early, very early, the succeeding morning, when Allan entered the office of Dr. Hollister. His mother had risen a half-hour earlier, and prepared his breakfast, that he might be there punctual to the moment; for she was aware that golden opportunities are sometimes lost by tardiness and neglect. But early as it was, Dr. Hollister was there before him, and was busily engaged in posting his books. The dust lay deep upon the floor; bits of paper were scattered profusely around and under the table; the hearth was covered with ashes, and the wood was carelessly thrown down by the stove instead of being packed away in the wood-box; packages of medicines were thrust into the window seat; several day-books and memorandums were piled up in a chair in the corner, and the whole office seemingly turned upside down.

"Ah, Allan, you have come, I see," said Dr. Hollister, as Allan walked across to the stove, and warmed his hands against the pipe.

"Yes, sir," replied our little hero; "I thought I was early enough to kindle a fire, and sweep the office before you came. Mother thought you would hardly be here before me."

"Well, you see I am a pretty early riser; but I was here earlier this morning than usual, as I had a good deal of posting to do before I commenced my ride for the day. And while I am finishing up, you may set things to rights a little if you have a mind. There seems to be a more than usual disorder among my books, and papers, and wood, this morning."

And well there might be, for the doctor had taken especial pains to create as great a confusion as possible, that he might test Allan's habits of neatness and order. The posting went on, and so did the "setting of the things to rights a little." Allan picked up the scraps of paper, and rolled them up in a small, tight roll, packed the wood snugly away in the wood-box, sprinkled the floor, that the broom might not raise a superfluous cloud of dust, brushed the ashes from the hearth into the ash-pan, added another stick of wood to the number in the stove, and drew the slide, that the draft might

not carry the heat out through the chimney, piled the packages of medicines neatly upon the table, dusted the window-seat, stacked the day-books and memorandums on a small shelf above the table, placed the chairs back against the wall, and then sat down to wait for the doctor to finish posting his accounts.

While Allan was at work, the doctor had one eye about the room, and the other on his ledger. He saw order and neatness gradually taking the place of the chaotic confusion; and this, with his punctuality, convinced the old practitioner that he had not mistaken the worth and abilities of the poor errand boy. There was yet another test, and then he should be through posting.

"Here, Allan, are some story-books for little boys," remarked the doctor, without looking up from his ledger, "and you can amuse yourself in that way until I am at liberty."

Allan ran over the title-pages with almost the discrimination of a man, and at last selected one to his liking. As he resumed his seat, the doctor bent forward to see what book was missing from the pile. It was "KITTY BROWN, AND HER CITY COUSINS," one of Mrs. PHELPS' most charming Sunday school books. The doctor nodded with a self-satisfied air, and drove his pen as rapidly as before.

There was quite a variety of books in the pile which Dr. Hollister had selected for that particular occasion. He wished to test Allan's love of reading, and also the *kind* of reading. Accordingly, he had selected quite an assortment of "Old Mother Goose" stories, and "Adventures of Jack at a pinch," and several volumes of the Sunday School Union publications. Allan had looked them all over, chose one of the latter books, and won the confidence and esteem of his employer.

The doctor then laid aside his ledger, closed the day-book, wiped his pen, and set about preparing for his visiting-round to his patients. When all was ready—his horse at the door, his prescriptions properly wrapped up and labeled, his feet encased in warm over-shoes, a warm fur cap drawn down over his ears, a huge pair of gloves covering his hands and arms—he told Allan that upon second thought he should want him no more that day; that he might take his chosen book home with him, read it through, and come again to his office on the following morning. Then drawing off one of his huge gloves, he took from his wallet a half-dollar, and placed it in Allan's hand.

Our little hero did not hear the click of the old key in the lock of the office door, nor the clatter of the horse's hoofs as he trotted smartly

away in an opposite direction, for he was far down the street on his way home, with the shining half-dollar pressed tightly in the palm of his hand. As he was passing Mr. Haskel's store, a farmer drove up with a stout horse and cutter.

"See here, my little lad," said the old farmer, "just watch my horse a moment, while I step into Haskel's. He isn't much used to being driven alone, and I don't like the idea of trusting him to the post."

Allan took the reins from the old farmer's hands, while the latter entered the store. It was a chilly day, and the searching wind swept down the broad street, and ever and anon a large snow-flake sailed noiselessly to the crusted pavement. Allan crept into the seat, and covered himself with the large, warm buffalo-robe. The farmer was absent nearly half an hour, and the bitter cold had begun to find its way through the holes in Allan's shoes, through the patched mittens on his hands, and through the worn places of his thread-bare coat. Still he grasped the reins tightly in one hand, and with the other held on to his valuable piece of silver.

When at last the old farmer returned, he was in high glee. A successful turn of speculation projects had naturally elated him a little. He felt rich, and kind, and benevolent. As Allan sprang to the

ground, and handed him the reins, the old man observed his worn-out shoes, thread-bare garments, and tattered cap. Laying down the reins, and fastening his horse to the post, he took Allan by the hand and said kindly :

"Come, come, my little boy, you are dressed hardly warm enough for this winter day. Let us go in and see if Haskel has any clothes that will fit you."

"But mother has no money to pay for them," replied Allan, slightly drawing back.

"Never mind, never mind for that," said the old farmer, "I have money enough; and even if I had not, I rather guess old Haskel would trust me."

"I will look at some of your clothing for boys," the old farmer said to Marks, as he came slowly along the counter, leading Allan by the hand.

"What now, Meach," replied Marks with a laugh; "clothing up the multitude?"

"Only clothing up *one* of the number," Mr. Meach answered briefly.

The cheap coats were examined, and one selected. Then vests, and one of them added to the coat. Then a pair of pantaloons, cap, mittens, and a pair of strong boots. After the list had all been selected, Mr. Meach inquired the amount.

"Who is to pay for them?" asked Marks in turn, with a knowing look.

"I expect to pay for them *myself*," replied Mr. Meach, with a visible sneer.

Marks named the lowest cash prices, and the purchaser counted the amount from his corpulent wallet. Then taking the clothes, our farmer friend led the way to where Allan could don his new suit. Tying the old garments in a new cotton handkerchief, Mr. Meach again took our little hero by the hand, and led him out into the street where his horse was fastened. As he tucked the robe carefully around himself, he handed Allan a shilling for holding his horse during his absence.

"Indeed, I can not take it, sir," Allan said; "you have been so kind to make me a present of a suit of clothes."

"Take it, take it, my boy," persisted the old farmer; "you will need it more than I."

Allan took it, though rather reluctantly, and, in a moment after, the horse, and cutter, and driver, had disappeared down the angle of an intersecting street. Then did Allan's feet fly toward home again, faster even than when leaving Dr. Hollister's office; across one street, down another, over snow-drifts, and on, and on, and on.

The little gate at home seemed to swing back of its own accord, the house seemed nearer, and only a step or two from the street. Allan lifted the latch to the door, and stood up before his mother. Surprise gave way to joy, and despondency to hope. During Allan's absence she had been thinking over the prospect of affairs, and was disheartened by the discouraging aspect. The shirts which she had brought home from Haskel's cost her nearly double the amount of time and labor than she had at first supposed; and yet she was expected to finish them as neatly as though full-paid. And then she thought Allan was in need of warmer clothes, and that he ought to be at school every day, with a collection of suitable books to read during the long winter evenings and other leisure hours. And just then, when the seams, and needle, and thread, began to swim to her vision, through a depth of tears, the object of her solicitude presented himself before her, dressed in a new warm suit, and holding in his hand the five shillings in silver.

The tears and prayers of gratitude which gushed out unsuppressed, would have repaid old farmer Meach a hundred fold. To him it was but a small act of kindness and benevolence, and probably forgotten

the next hour; but to the recipients, the gifts were above all praise. A month of unremitting labor with the needle would hardly have purchased that amount of clothing, even if she could have possibly taken time to work for that especial object.

Mrs. Grant resumed her needle with a buoyancy of spirits she had not felt for weeks. Hope lifted the weight of depression from her head, and enveloped the future in a halo of sunshine and flowers. And, profiting by this brief moment of happiness, she resolved to never in future give way to the feelings of despondency. No matter how severe the storms, how dark the shadows, how bitter the grief, or crushing the reverses, she determined to live them down, and hope on, even against hope. It was a wise resolution, and has armed many a weary toiler with the talisman of an earnest heart.

While thoughts like these were going on in the mind of Mrs. Grant, Allan had drawn his chair close up to the corner of the hearth, and was soon lost amid the pleasant pages of the little volume which Dr. Hollister had so kindly given him. And when he laid it aside to bring in his wood for the night and prepare the heap of kindlings, he thought it the most entertaining book that he had ever read. After

their tea, Allan read aloud to his mother, as she plied her busy needle on the unfinished work. And if you had looked in upon them then, you would have thought them the happiest of mortals. The blazing fire-light, cleanly-swept floor, and neat attire, gave an air of comfort and domestic enjoyment, not always found in palaces of gold. Nine o'clock came—the hour for retiring—and the book was closed, the chairs placed against the wall, the fire carefully covered in a mound of ashes, the lamp extinguished, and the stillness was only broken by the swaying pendulum of the clock.

(*To be continued.*)

“INFLUENCE OF CLOUDS UPON THE WIND.—As passing clouds screen the direct heat of the sun from the earth, they diminish the rarefaction of the air also; and this is one of the causes why the strength and currents of air are not uniform.”

“PLEASURE and pain, though directly opposite, are yet so contrived by nature as to be constant companions; and it is a fact, that the same motions and muscles of the face are employed both in laughing and crying.”—*Charon.*



QUEEN OF MAY.

I'VE roamed among the woodland bowers,
And o'er the hills away,
And culled the garden's choicest flowers,
To crown thee queen of May.
These perfumed gifts are fitly thrown
About thy regal brow ;
And all shall breathe, before thy throne,
A vassals cheerful vow.

A joyous throng shall gladly yield
Unto thy chosen sway ;
This fragrant scepter thou shalt wield
Through all the flowery May.
The lads in ward thy rights shall hold,
Like knights in armor gay,
And strip the thorns, like champions bold,
From Florá's own array.

Thy smiles shall from the flowery mead,
Bid care and sorrow flee ;
We'll follow where thy footsteps lead,
Through hours of festal glee.
For all shall hail with fond applause,
Thy coronation day,
And rend the air with proud huzzas,
i To Mary, Queen of May.

H. E. A.



LILLIE'S CHICKEN.

A LITTLE ways back of the house —it is the minister's house, little friends— there is a beautiful pine grove. The green steeple-shaped trees stand in thick phalanx like a troop of Napoleon's grenadiers, never laying by their arms winter or summer, only in the spring they came out with a new coat of such a fresh green, that you could not but love to see it, and the old cast-off suit is spread on the ground at their feet, for a carpet. Do any of you know what a nice carpet it makes? I think there are none of you but would like to walk over it, and breathe the pure, fragrant air there is under the New England pine-trees. At all events, Lillie, and Georgie, and Wil-

lie did; and many were the hours they spent in running about and under the trees, picking up the pretty brown pine-cones — each one they found possessing some new beauty -- until they were tired of examining them, and then they would fill their aprons and carry them home, and put them in the box in the woodshed for kindling. It seemed a pity to burn them, to be sure, pretty as they were; but then they make the best of kindling, and they were very abundant there.

About half way from the pine-grove to the house stands the barn, and there is where the chickens live. Each of the children have one. Lillie's was white, and little

baby Frank had a brown one, while those that belonged to the other boys were speckled.

On each side of the parsonage is a church, one of them very old and out of use; but the children sometimes get through the broken door, and play about the lonesome old place, whose walls were built a hundred years ago, perhaps, by hands that have long since crumbled in their graves among the hills.

One day last fall they had all been playing there awhile, and when they were tired they went to the barn to give the chicks their evening meal, before going in to tea. Little Frank tottered out with the rest, and threw his little fat hand full of corn in, to help. Now, all the time they were there, a great black hawk was sitting on one of the trees in the pine-grove, and looking on. The children did not see him, but one of the old hens, a little wiser than the rest, kept bristling up her feathers, and saying, "croo-oo," as if there was something she did not like. We didn't take much notice of this, but when we were all around the table eating our suppers, we heard a great crackling among the biddies. We ran to the window, and there saw the wicked hawk just pouncing on Lillie's white chicken.

Oh, what a scampering there was then. Nobody was hungry; every

one ran out of doors to drive away that cruel hawk. He sailed very slowly, for the chick was almost too heavy for him; but he had fastened his claws and bill firmly into the poor chickie, and didn't drop it; and all the noise that could be made didn't frighten the hawk at all; but off he went into the woods, to eat up poor Lillie's chicken.

Poor Lillie! how bad she felt. She wished her pa had fired a gun to kill the hawk. She could think of nothing but her chicken. When she went to bed that night, her mother tried to comfort her, and told her that the chicken would not suffer any pain after it was dead. That it did not have a soul that would live always, and that it never had sinned. To be sure, it was bad to have it eaten up, but *that* was the end of it.

There is the difference between you, my dear children, and the fowls and the beasts. You each have a soul far more precious than any thing else in the world. The beautiful little chickens, and the nice little rabbits, and the calves, are all wonderful, because God made them, and it is right for you to love them and to take care of them. But your body is worth more than all these, because it has a soul within it; and that soul will live forever and ever. So be careful of it. When you feel angry, and want

to strike your brother or sister, think a moment, and don't do it. Be generous and kind, and hide the golden rule in your hearts. *That* tells you what to do always. If you can't remember what it is, just ask your mother, and she will tell you. The cruel hawk had better steal all the chickens than have one little soul stolen by the "wicked one, who goes roaming about, seeking whom he may devour." You will be safe if you love the Bible, and love God, who made you. He always sees you, and *he knows* when you love him, and will take care of you in this sinful world, and take you to heaven when you die.

E. S. G.

LIFE.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

Meet life bravely:
Though for right you battle long :
Battle still, the victor's song
Shall echo o'er the fallen wrong,
Meet life bravely.

Bear life bravely :
Seek the *good*, though hidden still,
And thou shalt find, if firm thy will,
Strength to crush the rising ill,
Meet life bravely.

Leave life bravely ;
Though all uncleaned Truth's golden
sheaves,
And youth's fair spring, like autumn grieves
O'er withered buds, and fallen leaves,
Quit life bravely.

BUFFALO, May, 1855.

THE CASKET'S GREETING.

Some one of our young friends has sent us the following. We do not often publish things of this kind that we receive, but the encouragement thus given is very refreshing to one who is engaged in any such earnest labor as ours.

FRIENDLY CASKET, glad are we
Thy loved form once more to see ;
Warmly we will bid thee come,
Welcome! welcome! to our home.

Longing hearts e'er wait to greet thee ;
Eager hands oft haste to meet thee ;
Thine approach is loved by all,
Thee with earnest voice we call.

Thine the page of love and truth,
Thine to mold and guide the youth ;
Noble work and well fulfilled,
Pure the thoughts by thee instilled.

Wisdom on each leaflet lies,
Knowledge pure, which never dies ;
Countless pearls thou dost unfold,
Heavenly gems more worth than gold.

May God bless thy progress here,
Grant thee still a bright career ;
Hallowed truths by thee is given,
Which shall lead young hearts to heaven.

M. A. L.

"THE difference between a wise man and a fool does not consist in this, that the wise man knows much, and the fool knows little ; but rather in this, that the wise man applies what he knows to the amendment of his life ; whereas the fool maketh no such application of his knowledge."

"In studying, concentrate your thoughts and ideas solely upon the subject before you."



COFFIN. DEL

BARTON. Sc

TROUBLE ABOUT THE PIANO.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

MARY JONES had been practicing her music lesson until mind and body were both wearied. The task-hour was about expiring, and she was waiting with some impatience to hear the clock strike, when her brother John came bustling into the parlor. He was a rude, impatient boy, and very rarely thought

of any one's comfort or pleasure but his own.

"There," said he, roughly, "you've practiced long enough. It's my turn now. Give me the piano."

As John spoke, he laid his hand on Mary's shoulder, and pushed her; but, instead of rising, she only braced herself more firmly on the

music-stool, and turned over a new leaf in her exercise book. Both the words and manner of her brother excited opposition and ill feeling toward him, and she determined that he should not have the piano until it pleased her to let him. So she went on playing her exercises with a new spirit.

Of course John became very angry; most people do, when ill success attends an overbearing effort to compel others.

"It's only contrariness," said he, sharply; "I will have the piano!" And he gave Mary a sudden push, that would have thrown her over, had she not been prepared for it. To firm resistance of John, she now added loud cries for her mother, who immediately called down from the nursery to know what was the matter.

"Mary won't let me practice my lesson," answered John.

"I havn't got through with mine yet," answered Mary, "and he's trying to push me off of the music-stool."

"John, come up to me."

"I'll pay you for it. Miss; see if I don't," said John, with a threatening scowl at his sister as he left the parlor.

Mary now resumed her practicing with a fresh interest. All weariness of mind and body was gone, and her fingers flew over the keys with

unwonted spirit. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes glided by, and still she kept her place at the instrument.

"Oh, dear! She'll never be done!" fretted the impatient John; "she's practiced more than her hour now. Can't I have the piano, mother?"

"Not until your sister is done with it," was answered. "You'll have the whole afternoon."

"But she's had it her hour."

"I can't help that. She's backward in her music, and I'm only glad that she's willing to practice longer than the usual period."

John continued to fret himself more and more. He stamped about the room; upset a chair; threw down a pile of books from the mantle-piece, and did sundry other disorderly and annoying things, compelling his mother, at length, to send him up into the garret, in order to get rid of him. So up into the garret he went, and flung himself on one of the beds, to wait with all impatience for his sister to get through with her practicing. But, thump, thump, tum, tum, came up to his ears, the incessant finger falls of Mary on the keys; and though he listened eagerly for a pause, no pause came.

"There!" he at length exclaimed, starting up; "she's not on her scales, and her teacher said she mustn't play tunes."

So down he went, clattering to the nursery, saying, impatiently, as he entered:

"Can't I have the piano now, mother? She's not practicing her scales, and her teacher says she mustn't play tunes."

"You, Mary!" called out the mother.

"Ma'am," came ringing up from the parlor.

"Why don't you play your scales?"

"I am playing them," answered Mary; and her fingers began running lightly over the keys again.

"Ain't those her scales?" And the mother looked rather sternly at John.

"Well, I don't care; she wasn't playing her scales just now," answered the boy. "And it's downright mean and selfish in her, so it is. She's just keeping the piano, because she knows I want it. Never mind; I'll pay her up."

Half in despair of ever getting at the instrument again, John threw himself upon the lounge, and made a feeble effort to curb his impatience. Nearly fifteen minutes passed, and, Mary hearing nothing more from her brother, began to feel weary. The spirit of opposition was dying out. So, closing her exercise book, and shutting down the piano, she left the parlor, and went up into the nursery.

"You can have the piano now," said she, throwing a look of triumph upon her brother.

John scowled back, but made no reply.

"Why don't you go and practice, if you want to so badly. You were fierce enough about it a little while ago," added Mary, in a low, tantalizing voice, seeing that her brother made no motion to rise from the lounge.

An angry retort from John startled the mother from a momentary abstraction, and she ordered him to leave the room. But, instead of going down to the parlor to practice, he went over to the library for a book, and had just begun to feel an interest in what he was reading, when he was ordered peremptorily to the piano. But all interest in music was now gone. Impatient self-will had now gained its end, and chagrin and disappointment cooled the ardor felt a little while before. In less than half an hour he shut down the piano, and, going to the library, tried to find interest in the book he had been compelled to relinquish. But there was a troubled weight on his bosom. He felt unhappy and dissatisfied, not only with himself, but with every one around him. Mary's ill-natured conduct, by which he had been deprived of an expected pleasure—for he was fond of music, and

would practice sometimes for hours — fretted him still, and still excited angry feelings against her. But, as these gradually subsided, and his mind became less obscured, he saw, only dimly at first, but with a steadily increasing distinctness, a reflection of himself that did not look altogether attractive, nor awaken self-approving thoughts.

"If Mary had spoken to me, as I spoke to her, would I have acted differently?"

It seemed as if a spirit within him, separate from his own spirit, had asked the question, and the inquiry almost startled him. But it was made, and the answer, in his own thoughts, was, "No."

Self-accused and self-convicted, the boy felt humbled; and he said within himself, "It was all my own fault. But," he added, "Mary is so ill-natured and so tantalizing. I wish she were like some sisters."

And how many, many times had Mary said to herself, "Oh! if John were only like some brothers."

On the next day, John brought home a new piece of music, which his teacher had directed him to procure. It was an advance in his studies, and he was ambitious to master it. As he came in, he found Mary at the piano, with her exercise book open before her.

"Oh, dear!" he sighed to himself, impatiently. "There it is again!

I shall not be able to touch the instrument for an hour to come. I wish we had two pianos."

Remembering the unhappy scenes of the day before, he would not trust himself in the parlor; for the temptation to eject the present incumbent of the piano-stool, was, for the moment, strong. So he hung up his hat, and instead of going in where Mary was practicing, went to the nursery.

"How long has Mary been playing?" he asked of his mother.

"Some time," was the answer.

"An hour?"

"Very nearly, I should think."

An impatient word was on the boy's tongue, but he kept it back. Sitting down, he unrolled his piece of music, and commenced looking over the notes. This increased his desire to get to the instrument; and, as he had very little patience, his mind began to grow excited. At length, he could no longer repress an inclination to go down into the parlor, and so down he went. Fire and tow were coming together, and he felt it. As he entered, Mary turned toward him for a moment, and then resumed her playing with a manner that said, plainly enough, "I'm nothing like done yet."

John did not speak, but going past her, sat down on the sofa, and, taking a book from the center-table, opened it, and tried to read. But

he was not successful in getting at the sense of what was before him.

As for Mary, she was quite wearied out with playing, and was about shutting her exercise book, when she heard her brother coming down stairs. It was not a good spirit that prompted her at the moment to play on. She expected, of course, that John would try to force her from the piano, as he had so often tried before, and she wasn't "going to be driven about by him." The quiet way in which he entered the room a little surprised her; and when she glanced around and saw him with a book in his hand, she was disarmed.

"Do you want to come here, John?" she asked, with an unwonted kindness in her voice.

"I have a new piece I wish to practice whenever you are done," answered the brother, softened by Mary's words, but more by her manner.

"Oh! I'm done now," said Mary, quickly jumping up from the instrument.

"Thank you!" fell involuntarily from the brother's lips, as he came forward. He was both surprised and grateful for this unlooked-for concession, and he could not help this little warm expression of what he felt.

How happy were brother and sister during this afternoon, compared with their state of mind on

the day before: John, because he had repressed his selfish impatience; and Mary, because she had permitted a kind consideration for her brother to find a place in her heart.

Out of what little things do we create happiness or misery in this life; and these little things nearly all lie within us. A single unrepressed feeling of selfishness or ill-nature may destroy our piece of mind for days, even weeks; while a kind or generous impulse made active, will often make all around and within us as bright as sunshine.

Do not some of our young readers see themselves in this sketch as in a mirror?—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

AN observant writer says: "I have always been struck at the ease with which the poor forget their wretchedness. Being only used to live for the present, they make a gain of every pleasure as soon as it offers itself. But the surfeited rich are more difficult to satisfy; they require time and every thing to suit before they will consent to be happy."

BE truly polite. Lord Chesterfield says: "Good breeding is benevolence in trifles, or the preference of others to ourselves in the little affairs of life."

FLORAL DEPARTMENT.

BY AUNT HATTY.

Flower beds, Petunia, Portulaca, Verbena, Pink, Dahlia, Fuschia, Trumpet-flower, Honeysuckle, Climbing roses.

THE flower beds about many of your homes are already arranged, and many of them are now gay with flowers, while others will soon be bursting into bloom. If your own hands have contributed to make them neat and pleasant, then they are far more valuable to you. You may not only enjoy the labor, and feel refreshed from the healthy and invigorating exercise, but you will love the flowers much more if they are the result of your own work. Some of you may think that your hands are not large enough to arrange flower beds; but little hands can do a great deal if they will only try. If there are any of you who have no flower beds yet arranged, it is not too late now. Find a place for them, and loosen up the earth. If you can find no one to help you, you can do it yourself, even if you are not very strong. With a sharp spade struck obliquely into the earth, the labor is not so very hard, and many ladies do the digging for their own flower gardens. A little at a time will soon accomplish a good deal of any kind of labor, if it is only continued diligently every day. Where beds are

just made, the earth should be deeply trenched, and the soil crumbled and well mixed, so as to make a fine light bed for receiving the seed. If the soil is clay, it needs to be lightened by a mixture of sand and litter; that is, manure mixed with straw. Where this is used it should be put at the bottom of the bed, or out of sight; but it is very useful in breaking up, and loosening the compact masses of the clay. The beds should be raised above the surface of the ground, and should be higher in the center, as a sunken bed looks badly. They may be bordered with turf, bricks, or with narrow slips of board; or they may have no other border than a smooth, well-defined edge against the lawn, or the garden-walks; but this is more trouble to keep in order. When the soil is fine enough, smooth it over with the back of the spade, pressing it a little, so that it will hold the seed nicely. The trenches for the seed should be from a quarter to half an inch in depth, and they should be well covered so as to give them the moisture necessary to make them germinate, and to protect them from the light, which is not favorable

to germination. There is in every seed a little speck, which is called the vital knot; it is very distinct in some large seeds. From this knot two shoots proceed; one shooting down in the earth, and the other up into the air. They are very tender and delicate at first, and if the earth is not fine and well prepared for them, the plant will be sickly and worthless.

If you have but little room for flowers, it is desirable to secure such varieties as will bloom all summer. For this purpose, the portulaca, petunia, verbena, and many varieties of pink are valued. Small beds wholly covered with any of these are very beautiful. All of these except the pink will present a complete mass of flowers through the summer, if properly arranged.

The petunia does best when trained on a frame, or pegged down to cover a bed, as the plants, unless carefully trimmed, present a loose, straggling appearance. But they blossom very profusely, and form a very brilliant mass of flowers when pegged down over a bed. The pegging down should be commenced when the plants are quite small, or the tender shoots will be broken.

Verbenas can be planted out in May, and pegged down over the bed in the same way as the petunia. Nothing can be more beautiful than a bed of verbenas thus managed.

The old scarlet verbena is more tender than some others, but none of them will survive our northern winters unless covered with a mat. The petunia ripens an abundance of seed, and will self-sow upon the bed it occupies, many years in succession. But to have them in perfection they need more care than this.

The portulaca takes care of itself, and when a few of the little mossy plants are put down in the earth, they will soon run over the bed; and their bright crimson and scarlet flowers, open with the first sunlight in the morning, and glistening with the dew, are very beautiful. A shaded situation does well for these, and they will remain often longer than when exposed to the hot sun.

Fuschias can be planted out the latter part of May, and they grow rapidly, and flower abundantly. They strike root very freely from a cutting; there are few plants that grow more readily; even the little stem a friend has sent you in a bouquet, if stripped of flowers and placed in the earth under a glass for a few days, or in some shaded position, will grow into a beautiful plant. Fuschias love the shade, and should always be protected from the hot sun. The drip of a tree is a good place for them, as it gives both shade and moisture, and is something of a protection from the frost, to which they are very susceptible.

Pinks should be staked up before their time of flowering. Dahlias should be planted out this month. Put in the stake to which they are tied when you put the bulb in the ground, or you may injure the roots in staking them. They always need to be supported. Old broom-sticks, with a coat of green paint, make very respectable dahlia stakes.

Daisies, polyanthus, and crown imperial are among the favorite flowers of this month, which we have not mentioned. Our limits forbid us to speak, but very briefly, of the many things there are to be done in the flower garden this month.

If you wish to beautify your homes, do not forget the climbers. The trumpet-flower, and honeysuckle are great favorites, but the climbing roses are still finer. Even the single multiflora will fix the stranger's eye long in admiration upon the spot where it blooms; but the Sultana, the prairie-queen, and the Baltimore belle, are much more beautiful, and the two first named are very rapid growers; a single root sometimes running up fifteen or twenty feet in a season, even in our climate. Where one has a variety of these roses, the multiflora is valued for blooming, after the flowers of the others are gone.

SCHOOLS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

THE schools, the schools of other days!

Those were the schools for me,
When in a frock and trowsers dressed,
I learned my A, B, C.

When with my dinner in my hat,
I trudged away to school,
Nor dared to stop as boys do now,
For school-ma'ams had a *rule*.

With locks well-combed, and face so clean,
(Boys washed their faces then,)
And a "stick horse" to ride upon,
What happy little men!

And if a traveler we met,
We threw no sticks or stones,
To fright the horses as they passed,
Or break good people's bones.

But with our hats beneath our arms,
We bent our heads full low,
For ne'er the school-ma'am failed to ask,
"Boys, did you make a bow?"

And all the little girls with us
Would courtesy full low,
And hide their ankles 'neath their gowns,
(Girls don't have ankles now.)

We stole no fruit, nor tangled grass,
We played no noisy games,
And when we spoke to older folks,
Put *handles to their names*.

And when the hour of school had come,
Of bell we had no need,
The school-ma'am's rap upon the glass,
Each one would quickly heed.

The school-ma'am ; heaven bless her name !
When shall we meet her like ?
She always wore a green calash,
A calico vandyke.

She never sported pantalets,
No silks on her did rustle.
Her dress hung gracefully around,
She never wore a *bustle*.

With modest mien and loving heart,
Her daily task was done,
And true as needle to the pole,
The next one was begun.

The days were all alike to her,
The evenings just the same,
And neither brought a change to us,
Till Saturday forenoon came.

And then we had a "spelling match,"
And learned the sound of A,
The months and weeks that made the year,
The hours that made the day.

And on that day we saw her smile—
No other time smiled she—
'T was then she told us learnedly,
When next "leap year" would be.

[Selc ed.]



SOME of our friends send us enigmas without answers, and others give as answer the name of some friend. An enigma should always have an answer accompanying it, and the answer should be something of general interest, which the name of a private individual can not claim to be.

There has been some dispute among

our correspondents about the ownership of Louisiana at the time of the Revolution. Most of our friends seem to think it belonged to France. But the answer given in the April

number was correct. It belonged, then, to Spain, but was afterward ceded by that country to the French, and was soon after purchased by the United States government.

We see that our *ten years old* friend, Albert, keeps his eyes open on the first of April, and don't believe in republican emperors at all. We like Albert's letter, but we think he is mistaken. Our advices state that on the 19th of December, 1853, Santa Anna was declared emperor, "the assent of civil and military authorities being formally given with a good deal of ceremony and eclat." Santa Anna had previously issued a decree declaring that the president should continue his power as

long as he pleased, should appoint his successor, and should be designated by the title of "Most Serene Highness." If this is being the emperor of a republic, there is one other such example in the world.

THE PRIZE MELODEON!—There seems to be but little interest manifested in winning the melodeon, which we shall give to the person procuring the greatest number of subscribers before the first of July next. There are but two persons contending for it, and neither of those are so far ahead as to prevent any one from gaining it by a little exertion, during the two months yet left to operate in. Don't be discouraged, thinking it is too late, but try what you can do. You will be sure to get some valuable books, and, perhaps, the melodeon.

A boy among our subscribers writes to us:

"I have got up a club for the CASKET, and they are very much pleased with it, and would not be without it for any thing. It is a welcome visitor to all who take it."

That's just what we wish to have it, and when we find that we have made it acceptable to our young friends, we find our work very pleasant. A letter from the father of one of our subscribers, says:

My children have taken your valuable CASKET for the past three years, but we thought, on account of the hard times, we would not take it this year, and thought their attention might be diverted by read-

ing the common political papers. But that they could not do, and so to provide means, they went to work and picked up all the old horse-shoes about the place, and sold them, and have succeeded in raising the amount, which I inclose, with my best wishes for the success of your invaluable magazine.

We think the CASKET will have doubled its value to these children, from the fact of their having made such efforts to secure it. We thank aunt Mary for her scripture sketches, and shall soon find room for them.

Some articles intended for publication have been lost on their way to the office. Among them was one signed "K." Will the author write again?

A new edition of bound volumes of the CASKET is out, and those to whom they are due can now be supplied.

The puzzle in our last number we found in print elsewhere, after it had been stereotyped for the CASKET. Still it may have been original with the one who sent it to us, for we had it on hand some time. But of course we do not see every thing of this kind that is printed, and we must request our young friends, once more, not to send us any *nuts* that have already been *cracked*, unless they inform us of the fact. To steal the work of another person's brain, for your own name to wear, is no better than any other kind of pilfering.

NUTS TO CRACK.

ENIGMA NO. V.

I am composed of 21 letters. My 17, 9, 13, 21, is an animal. My 12, 5, 16, 14, means to lend. My 7, 6, 20, is a nickname for a girl. My 15, 18, 19, is a number. My 2, 8, 16, 12, 7, 4, is what we all

desire. My 5, 10, is a preposition. My 11, 3, 13, is a vegetable. My whole is an answer to one of the historical questions in the CASKET.

ENIGMA NO. VI.

I am composed of 16 letters. My 2, 3,

16, is a fowl. My 1, 12, 5, 5, 6, 13, 7, 15, 16, 3, is what the equator passes through. My 4, 10, 16, we could not well do without. My 9, 6, 16, 13, is what you are blessed with. My 5, 8, 13, is a color. My 11, 14, 9, 12, 16, is a kind of fruit. My 2, 15, 3, is a garden tool. My 1, 2, 10, is an article. My whole is what many are trying to obtain.

S. A. H.

RIDDLE NO. III.

No mortal can my power withstand,
I conquer all by sea and land;
The fair are smitten by my charms,
And yielding, fall into my arms.
Proud Cato, I likewise ensnared,
No age or sex I ever spared.
O'er all the earth my name is known,
Yet none can rob me of my throne.
Grim death himself can't frighten me,
I've conquered thousands more than he.

R. N. TOOKER.

CHARADE NO. III.

I am made up of three divisions. My first is an inferior portion of the human body. My second is a far more important portion of the same structure. My third is commonly used in business, to designate some person or persons unknown. My whole is quite too apt to end in smoke.

CHARADE NO. IV.

I am composed of six syllables. My first is not a pleasant animal. My second and third express an acknowledgement of indebtedness. My fourth is the greatest of evils. My fifth is the leader of that file of soldiers that have been most active in the war against ignorance. My sixth points out the manner in which my fourth should be treated by all. My whole is

much used by thousands who are given to argument.

II.

In these charades, the sound of the syllables may be taken without regard to the spelling.

ANSWERS.

ENIGMA NO. IV.—The Youth's Casket. Answered by Willis H. Kempshall, Josephine C. Bentley, D. D. McNaughton, Mary Morrison, J. Manle, F. Dobson, M. L. Thompson, G. Albert Knapp, and others.

HISTORICAL QUESTIONS NO. III.

I. Gnadenhutten is on the Muskingham, and is celebrated for the cruel massacre of the Moravian Indians in 1782, by the band led by Colonel David Williamston.

II. Bathsheba Rouse, at Belprie.

III. Santa Anna.

IV. General Mercer. Answered by Fannie Dobson.

SCIENTIFIC QUESTIONS NO. III.

1. Warmer. Eight degrees at Newfoundland, and five degrees at the bay of Biscay when it reaches there.

2. Because this country is connected with the polar circle by land, while Europe is separated therefrom by a body of water. The ocean tends to equalize temperature.

3. Frogs and lizards. Answered by H.

RIDDLE NO. II.—Not.

CHARADE NO. II.—Lieutenant.

PUZZLE NO. II.

From SIX take IX, S remains.

" IX " X, I "

" LX " L, X "

"Six" will remain. Answered by A. A. Vance, T. Bullymore, and F. Dobson.

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